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That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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London Lay Labors.

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We are yet in London, and are seeking to give you a brief statement of some of the ways in which the lay element of churches here is seeking to advance the Kingdom of God.

We advert, next, to the efforts made to reclaim fallen women. And half an hour's walk along any of the great thoroughfares of this city between ten and twelve o'clock at night, or later, would convince anybody of the vast need of such efforts. The streets swarm with the fallen, who, with foreheads of marble and cheeks of brass, pursue their shameless life, without a blush. Women, the richest blessing of God to man—lovelier than the rose, and more joyous than the lark, in the time of her innocence—is the vilest of her race when she abandons herself to sin. Modesty, truth, affection, die within her; and woman, who, in the days of her virtue, is a joy to man, which, like the moon, grows brighter when the sun of prosperity withdraws, becomes the curse of society when she gives herself up to prostitution. And of such women some say there are twenty thousand, and others eighty thousand in this city. The average of life of these poor creatures in the ways of sin is about seven years, and they are said not generally to reach twenty-five years! Of course, a living Christianity could not see such an army of human beings rushing along the broad way which leads to destruction, each a tempter of others to sin, without an effort to save some of them and to prevent their wasting ranks from being recruited.

Asylums for those disposed to leave the ways of sin, have been long provided by the philanthropists, but more active and direct means of saving them have been recently instituted. The large hall of a restaurant in Regent street, one of the most fashionable of the city, is secured. Once a week a prayer-meeting of the friends going out in the self-denying work is held at ten o'clock, at night. At eleven o'clock, they go out from that prayer-meeting into the streets where the fallen resort in greatest numbers. They meet and stop them, and put a printed card of invitation to this hall into their hands. If they will go then, they conduct them to this place, and then go in search for more. In this way, by the hour of twelve, there may be one, two, or three hundred collected. They are seated at separate tables, and a cup of coffee, and bread and butter given to each. As far as possible, each is conversed with alone, when most thrilling narratives are often given, which reveal a brutality among those who pass for gentlemen in London not surpassed by that of the brutal followers of Nens Sahib, who cut to pieces the innocent women who fell into his hands at Calcutta. We heard of narratives given there of deception, seduction, desertion, which prove that even in this Capital of Christendom, and high up in its aristocratic ranks, there are men, sensual, carnal, devilish, "filled with unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; who knowing the judgments of God that they who commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

In company with some friends, we attended this midnight meeting, to which we found admission through the kindness of the Rev. Baptist Noel, one of its patrons. Everything was conducted with great seriousness and order. Some were in tears; some promised reformation; some would justify their course of life, but would confess, at last, its great sinfulness. Some were hardened beyond the reach of impression. The service ended by a brief address, and with prayer. These meetings have been greatly blessed to the rescuing of many. The Asylums prepared for them were all filled. Those engaged in this work and labor of love have their reward, but it would seem to be a most hopeless task, for where one is rescued from the streets, there are two who rush in to fill up her place. Yet eternity alone can reveal the amount of good thus done. In the day when Jesus shall make up his jewels, many rescued ones of this neglected class will shine among them; and, casting their crowns at his feet, will unite joyfully in the song, "Thou art worthy for thou wert slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

The Ragged School Union is also performing a great work here. Nor do we know of any humane or christian effort more worthy of encouragement and prayer. About seventeen years ago, four or five pious men met in a dark back room in Field Lane, to consider what could be done for the numberless forsaken, miserable, degraded children they saw wandering about the streets, the danger of "the infamous stain" upon the honor of London. With these men of prayer, and in that dark room, originated the Ragged School Union, whose operations are now known in all the earth, and which has been so remarkably blessed to the elevation of tens of thousands of children from the very lowest depths of degradation. It has already drawn around it the warm support of the great and the good, and its great usefulness has been acknowledged from the bench and by Parliament.

This Ragged School Union, through its committees, and its connections with associations, takes children and instructs them in the day-school, the Sabbath-school, the night-school;

when necessary, it feeds them, and lodges them; and when prepared, it puts them out to learn some industrial pursuit. It collects the mothers of these children into meetings for religious and moral instruction, and their fathers also. It binds them out to trades; and forms them into shoe-blacks and street-sweeping brigades; and sends them, often, to the English colonies in the East and in the West, for the purpose of placing them beyond the reach of their immoral and degraded parents and companions. And the vast extent of the operations of this "Union" may be inferred from its last report, which states that there are under its care 199 Sunday Schools, 146 day schools, 215 week evening schools, with an average attendance of about 50,000 pupils. Its school buildings are now 170, its voluntary teachers are 2,690, its paid teachers, 400, its paid monitors, 380. And, during the year, 1,650 scholars were placed in situations. We visited the house at "The Seven Dials," and that at "Field Lane" more than once. We went through their "Night Refuges" for boys and girls—and through their day schools and Sabbath Schools. We heard explanations as to different parts of their work, from the lips of those engaged in it; and heard the most thrilling narratives as to the success attending their labours; and as we left these congregations of children taken from the rookeries of London, the very fermenting sinks of depravity—the very seed plots of violence and crime,—we lifted our hearts in thankfulness to God that he has raised up so many in the higher walks of life, to care for the destitute wandering in the highways and hedges; and that, by his grace, nearly three thousand persons, male and female, voluntarily to devote themselves to the teaching of the ignorant, the feeding of the hungry, and the clothing of the naked. Their reward shall be ample, when the King shall say unto them, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Of these ragged schools, the Earl of Shaftesbury is the great patron; and Judge Payne is the poet, who, on each anniversary, favours them with some verses adapted to the occasion. It was on one of these occasions he read the well-known lines:—
"Gather them in from the lanes and the streets;
Gather them in from the dark retreats;
From the haunts of folly and dens of crime,
Gather them in, in their early prime;
Gather them in with a burning zeal;
Gather them in for their country's weal;
Gather them in with abundant store,
Gather them in for evermore."

And on the last anniversary, one of the most cheering ever held, he spoke the following verses amid rapturous applause:—
The great Exhibition of Fifty-one
The works of all nations to us displayed,
And show us how far the whole world had gone

In speeding the progress of art and trade;
But sure in the triumphs of Christian might,
For moral materials, skill, and tools,
There's nothing that can rival this scene to-night,
The Great Exhibition of Ragged Schools!

Prince Albert was chief of the one that's past,
And will be the chief of the one to come;
But Shaftesbury's is our first and last,
And here in his praises shall none be dumb.
He smiled in our case when in numbers weak,
He smiles on it now when in thousands weak;
And none with a higher delight can speak
Of the Great Exhibition of Ragged Schools!

But change must come over both us and him,
Our bodies must lie in the silent grave;
Our strength will decay, and our eyes wax dim;
But our souls shall ascend to the God who gave;

And then, in the fairest of heavenly bowers—
A blessing and boon for both wise and fools—
We'll think, as we bend in devotion's hours,
Of the Great Exhibition of Ragged Schools!

And while the sweet harps of the angels sound,
And songs of the spirits made perfect swell,
Shall multitudes meet upon Glory's ground,
Of deeds in the body performed to tell;
And children, once ragged, redeemed by grace,
Who, learning, were placed upon forms and

Then, seated on thrones, shall their entrance trace

To the Great Exhibition of Ragged Schools!

And is there nothing for the christians of America to do for wretched, forsaken children, growing up in all our cities for our goals and gibbets.

—Kirkton's Cor. to N. Y. Obs.

DR. KRAPF'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

It would be difficult to find a volume which cuts more completely across the silly popular platitudes that missions to the heathen are useless, and that wise men would confine themselves to our own heathens at home. It is strange that if a man goes merely to hunt, or to make geographical discoveries, he is loudly applauded by the very people who speak slightly of missionaries. To bring home hundreds of tusks, and teeth and skins, or to show where a river rises and what is the altitude of a mountain range, is thought a noble achievement; but to have crossed the plains where the elephants range, and to have ascended these unknown heights in order to give the greatest of blessings to the men who live there, is thought Quixotic and derogatory to the wisdom of civilized man. The real facts are just the other way. Missionaries the best of explorers, and the most sincere, if they are honest and wise, the most innocent of political agents. The passion for foreign travel, for arduous physical trials, and for a life among the haunts of uncivilized man, is almost irresistible in many European minds. There is not the slightest reason why this desire should not be gratified, although those who feel it also feel pity for the fallen and miserable condition of the savage, and

that the gospel was exclusively intended for whites in easy circumstances. Dr. Krapf and his colleagues have rendered the most valuable assistance to Captain Speke and the other chief explorers of Eastern Africa, and by their own journeyings, and their own inquiries of the natives, have largely contributed to the most important geographical discovery of modern times—namely, that the centre of Africa is not occupied, as was formerly thought, by a chain of mountains, but by a series of great inland lakes, some of which are hundreds of miles in length. Hardly any one discovery has thrown so much light on the formation of the earth's surface as this.

It has been found that the most efficient means of reaching the heathen, whether civilized like those of India and China, or degraded like the Zulus in the South Africa, is to show first the superiority of Christianity, it (and it alone) satisfying the spiritual wants of man here and hereafter, and as the necessary consequence that it begets the highest civilization. It is thus that Williams built boats in the South, and Hamlin, of the American Board, established a bakery at Constantinople. Krapf was not one of the kind of missionaries represented by a man going about with a Bible under his arm and nothing more. So far from being a true picture, Krapf always, humbly (for he seems to be far more than ordinarily an humble and a modest man) yet firmly preached Christ and him crucified, and the necessity of inward purification; and secondly a correct outward life and constant improvement in material affairs, as a better house, finer cultivation of land and more skill in mechanic arts. He and Rebmann not only showed the natives how to build more comfortable dwellings, but actually sent to England and Germany for carpenters and blacksmiths we have noted so many paragraphs which he and Rebmann have written down on the "opening up" and the development of the country, and in short, every trace of the amelioration of our race, that it would take entirely too much space to insert them. I would however, call attention to the fact that the missionaries noted not only the courses of the rivers, the situation of lakes, and the altitude of the mountains, but the character of the soil, the various productions of the forests and fields, and the habits of the natives. In fact the Dr. Livingstone and the Zambiar missionaries are alike both in practice. Rebmann insists like Livingstone on Christian colonization. "Families, families," he writes, "of converted fathers and mothers, with well nurtured children, are wanted." &c. Again, on page 408, we are told most clearly that our duty and self-proposed labor as missionaries should thus be to rouse the natives to be more diligent in agriculture, and in cattle breeding; to impress upon them the advantages of both; to point out to them such articles as are most profitable; and, finally, to place within their reach such animals and seeds, as can be usefully introduced for their benefit."

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

From a sermon preached by Samson Occum, the Mohegan Indian Preacher, at the execution of Moses Paul, in 1772!

"And O, Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! Who can count the years thereof? Arithmetic must fail; the thoughts of men and angels are drowned in it. How shall we describe Eternity? To what shall we compare it? Were it possible to employ a fly to carry off this globe by small particles thereof, and to carry them to such a distance that it should return once in ten thousand years for another particle, and so continue till it has carried of all this globe, and framed them together in some unknown space, still it has made just such a world as this after all, Eternity would remain the same unextended duration."

"This must be the unavoidable portion of all impetent sinners, let them be whom they will, great or small, honorable or ignoble, rich or poor, bond or free. Negroes, Indians, English, or of what nation soever; all that die in their sins must go to hell together; for 'the wages of sin is death.'"

LIFE UPON A RAILROAD.

There is an old saying that the friendship of a dog is better than his ill-will, and for many years, in my capacity as a railroad-conductor, I had found the above to be true to a letter; but mind, I am not saying that I have no enemies. I undoubtedly have a few, and I don't think there is a man that lives but has more or less. A little kindness now and then to the many needy ones a conductor will find almost every trip over his road, will not be lost, and he will, in many cases, find from his "bread cast upon the water" a return fourfold. Yet he must use a great deal of judgment in bestowing his charity upon even those he thinks entirely worthy of such bestowal. I will, in connection with a little incident by which a little kindness saved my life, and the lives of all the passengers on board my train:—

The western division of our road runs through a very mountainous part of Virginia, and the stations were few and far between. About these stations, the road runs through a deep gorge of the Blue Ridge, and near the centre is a small valley, and there, hemmed in by the everlasting hills, stood a small one-and-a-half story cabin. The few acres that surrounded it were well cultivated as a garden, and upon the fruits thereof lived a widow and her three children, by the name of Graff. They were, indeed, untutored in the cold charities of an outside world. I don't know if they ever saw the sun shine beyond their own native hills. In the summer-time the children brought berries to the nearest station to sell, and with the money they earned they brought a few of the necessities of outside refinement. The oldest of these children I should judge to be about twelve years and the youngest about seven. They were all girls, and looked nice and clean, and their healthful appearance and natural delicacy gave them a ready welcome. They appeared as if they had been brought up to fear God, and love their humble home and mother. I had often stopped my train and let them get off at their home, having found them at the station some three miles from home, after disposing of their berries.

I had children at home, and I knew their little feet would be tired in walking three miles, and therefore felt that it would be the same with these fatherless little ones. They seemed so pleased to ride, and thanked me with such hearty thanks

after letting them off near home! They frequently offered me nice tempting baskets of fruit for my kindness, yet I never accepted any without paying their full value.

Now, if you remember, the winter of '54 was very cold in that part of the state, and the snow was nearly three feet deep upon the mountains. On the night of the 28th of December of that year, it turned around warm and the rain fell in torrents. A terrible storm swept the mountains, and almost filled the valley with water. Upon that night my train was winding its way, at its usual speed, around the hills and through the valleys, and as the road-bed was all solid rock I had no fear of the banks giving out. The night was intensely dark, and the wind moaned pitifully through the deep gorges of the mountain. Some of my passengers were trying to sleep, others were talking in a low voice to relieve the monotony of the scene. Mothers had their children upon their knees, as if to shield them from some unknown danger without.

It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger by that whistle, and were at their posts, and the brakemen were to a stop. I seized my lantern and found my way forward as soon as possible, when, what a sight met my gaze! A bright fire of pine-logs illumined the track for some distance, and not over forty rods ahead of our train a horrible gulf had opened its maw to receive us!

The snow, together with the rain, had torn the whole side of the mountain out, and eternity itself seemed spread out before us. The widow Graff and her children had found it out, and had brought light brush from their home below, and built large fires to warn us of our danger. They had been more than two hours watching beside that bacon of safety. As I went up where the old lady and children stood, drenched through by rain and sleet, she grasped me by the arm and cried:—

"Thank God! Mr. Sherborn, we stopped you in time. I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh! I prayed to heaven that you might stop the train, and say, God, I thank thee!"

The children were crying for joy. I confess I don't very often pray, but I did then and there. I knelt down by the side of the good old woman, and offered up thanks to an All-Wise being for our safe and happy deliverance from a most terrible death, and called down blessings without number upon that good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, fire men, and brakemen, the tears streaming down their bronzed cheeks.

I immediately prevailed upon Mrs. Graff and the children to go back into the cars out of the storm and cold. After reaching the cars I related our hair breadth escape, and to whom we were indebted for our lives, and begged the men passengers to go forward and see for themselves. They needed no further urging, and a great many ladies went also, regardless of the storm. They saw the frightful death we have escaped. The ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude towards Mrs. Graff and her children, and assured her that they would never forget her, and before the widow left the train she was presented with a purse of four hundred and sixty dollars the voluntary offering of a whole train of grateful passengers. She refused the proffered gift for some time, and said she had only done her duty and the knowledge of her having done so was all the reward she asked. However she finally accepted the money, and said it should go to educate her children.

The railroad company built her a new house, gave her and her children a life pass over the road, and ordered all trains to stop and let her off at home when she wished. But the employees know such numbers—more so than they appreciate all such kindnesses—more so than the directors themselves.

The old lady frequently visits my house at home, and she is at all times a welcome visitor at my fireside. Two of the children are attending school at the same place.

So you may see that a little kindness cost me nothing and saved my life.—Pacific Co.

"BEING LET GO."

(ACTS, IV. 23.)

"And being let go, they went to their own company." This simple statement presents a beautiful example of the instincts and tendencies of the divine nature. We always find that when a man is released from some special engagement—set free from some special demand upon him—in a word, when he is "let go," he will, most probably, seek the company of those who are most congenial to his tastes. When parade is over, the soldiers betake themselves to their various associates and pursuits. When a school breaks up the pupils do the same. When the warehouse or counting-house is closed, the young men betake themselves, some to the religious assembly, some to the reading room, some to the tavern, the theatre, or the gambling-house.

"Being let go," they are almost sure to go to "their own company." It is when a man is fully at leisure that you see what his bent and tendency really are. When he gets free from present claims, you will be able to judge of the pursuits and companions of his heart's selection. Two men may be standing behind the same counter, from eight in the morning till six in the evening; but mark them when the clock strikes six—observe them when "let go,"—and you will find one making his way to the tap-room, and the other to some place of worship or religious instruction. Thus it is always. "Being let go," we soon find out "our own company."

Reader, how do you act, when "let go?" What company do you seek? Do you betake yourself to those who, like the assembly in Acts, iv., occupy themselves in holy worship, prayer and praise? Or do you own as your companions the giddy and the thoughtless, the profane and the immoral, the scoffer and the sceptic, the infidel and the atheist? Oh! search and see.

Just ask yourself, when next you take your seat in the midst of your own company, "Would I, at this moment, like to hear, 'the voice of the archangel and the trump of God?'" Are you washed from your sins in the blood of Jesus? Are you saved? Are you at peace with God? Let me beseech you, dear friend, to make close, earnest, personal work of it, this very hour. Do not trifle with your immortal soul, and with a boundless eternity. God is in earnest—Christ is in earnest—the Holy Ghost is in earnest—Satan is in earnest—and will you trifle? Will you delay? "Behold now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2) May God the Holy Ghost lead you now, to believe in the love of God, and learn fully and without a shadow of doubt, upon the perfect sacrifice of Christ. Then you will seek the "company" of the redeemed, on earth; and, when "let go" from every weight and hindrance, down here, you will join "your own company" in the mansions above.

IRRESPONSIBLE CHRISTIANS.

These terms sound like a contradiction. The adjective seems to belong to a different family from the noun. It is a misalliance. One of these unusual yokes, against which the Apostle Paul and good sense have always protested, but nevertheless such a marriage as is not infrequently takes place in a world made up of "the sons of God," and "the daughters of men." But what is an irresponsible Christian?

First, He is a Christian who assumes for himself no responsibility to attain to the fullness of the stature of Jesus Christ. He does not feel interest enough in godliness to select even a standard. He neither runs, nor walks, nor stands in the way of life—but merely drifts, and, like all drift-wood, in high water he is in the middle of the stream; and in low water he hangs on a sandbar, or clings to the shore, or most likely sinks in the mud all begrimed waiting to be washed off, and floated onward by the next swelling—in all likelihood the swelling of Jordan."

Second, The irresponsible Christian holds himself bound by no general obligation "to do good to all men, especially those of the household of faith." Objects outside of himself sit lightly on his countenance. When appealed to for such objects, his secret speech is, "What business have they to bring their wants here? Why don't they make collections at home?" He does not realize that all Christians belong to the same body, and are members one of another, and that one of these members is suffering in Ireland or Persia, none excuses us from aiding and comforting him, but true absence of a child from the homestead cuts off his right or our duty to help him. An irresponsible Christian often gets to these principles of conduct by calling himself a Methodist or Presbyterian, and then calling Methodist and Presbyterian "those of his own household"—a kind of logic which neither Paul nor Christ deemed valid, but rather otherwise.

A third class of irresponsible Christian are made after even a smaller pattern. They join the church as a political party. They are not born into it. There is no community of life and no communion of spirit between them. They are a sort of camp followers or sutlers, hoping for victory and plunder, and in times of peace "selling provisions and liquor" to such of the Lord's host, who, like themselves, follow godliness for gain; persons to whom "the leaves and fishes" and not the miracles of Christ are proofs that religion is a good thing.

A fourth kind of irresponsible Christian is the man who takes no interest in the prayer-meeting of his church. Whether it prospers, or declines or dies, he does not care. He does not inquire whether it is well or ill attended. You cannot count on him for anything in that direction. So little sense of obligation have some Christians upon this point, that from one end of the year to the other they never are seen at prayer-meeting. I wonder whether any such will read these thoughts. Many—perhaps most—of them, we feel no responsibility to take or reading a religious paper.

Another kind of irresponsible Christians are those who assume no obligations to sustain a church, beyond renting a pew for their family, and perhaps regularly occupying it on the Sabbath. If there is any work to be done for the Sabbath school, or for the poor, or the stranger, they always excuse themselves, until at last, from the delicacy which such indifference begets, no one thinks of asking them to do anything.

A sixth sort of irresponsible Christians is discovered when a church wishes to make up the minister's salary, or pay a church debt. It is perfectly astonishing how many Christians there are in every community, who will enjoy everything about a church enterprise but assisting to pay its honest and necessary expenses. People who will enjoy the preaching for a whole year, but feel no responsibility to pay for it, or to pay in an honorable proportion.

Is there yet a seventh kind of these irresponsible persons, and are they Christians? In a church of one hundred and thirty, are there only ten working members? Out of thirteen Christian men, only one responsible Christian? Out of thirteen Christian women, only one responsible Christian? One advanced clergyman once told us that when he entered the ministry, he thought there was one in ten. He now believed there was but one in twenty. Only one in ten, thirteen or twenty, that is, responsible for fuel, light, rent, salary, singing, Sabbath school, prayer-meeting, charity—a developed Christian character.—Herald.

THE SIN WHICH DOETH SO EASILY BETRAY US.

The sins which most easily beset us are the sins to which we are especially prone, either from some strong natural propensity, or from habit; or, it may be, from both causes combined. There is a wide difference between the true believer and false professor in reference to these sins. The true believer loathes these sins. He has determined they shall die. He may be long troubled with them. He may have many a fierce

conflict with them. But, through grace, he will come off conqueror. He will lay them aside.

But the false professor never lays aside his besetting sins. In the days of his greatest apparent prosperity in religion, he practices still his besetting sins. He has never seen the heinousness of these sins—never called into exercise and cultivated the graces opposite to them. He has never resolved that these graces should live in his heart. Follow him to his business and you will find him the same as before his professed conversion. If self-interest was his ruling principle and he studied arts to take advantage of his neighbour then, the same is the case now. There are, however, some besetting sins which false professors appear to abandon for a season. They have never, however, laid them aside. They are like a river running under ground for a season. At length it appears in a bolder, mightier current.

Mr. Talkative was a man who professed religion, and appeared to be a very zealous Christian. But before his professed conversion he was dishonest. He has fallen away from his profession and the first evidence of it was dishonesty. Jndas was always a thief. He never laid aside his besetting sin. It ruined him for this world and for that which is to come. O, ye who have taken the name of Christ upon you, let me entreat you to see it that you have renounced your besetting sins, and that the opposite graces have taken root and are growing in your heart. Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

DIAMOND DUST.

It is nobler to work than to be worked for. Intellect manifests itself in action as well as in preaching.

An individual may possess a splendid intellect yet withal be a villain.

The ignorant show their ignorance most glaringly in being ignorant of their own ignorance.

The sun-beam of spring is not so fierce as that of summer, but it is equally powerful for the realization of good.

As used by the generality of mankind, glory and infamy, celebrity and disgrace, are but too frequently synonymous.

Nene but the selfish vulgar decries works of genius; none but the tasteful and the wise are sensible to their beauty and utility.

The mind requires constant enriching by new objects, as the land needs fertilizers. Without replenishing, the intellect soon becomes sterile.

The true philosophical act is annihilation of self; this is the real beginning of all philosophy; all requisites for being a disciple of philosophy point this way.

The dew-drops fall silently and unseen; but it is not less efficacious for the accomplishment of its purpose than the big rain that dances to the earth.

What so totally dark as not to exhibit a few light spots? or what so perfect as to be productive of no abuse?—so evil as to be mitigated by no concomitant alleviation?

If we attempt one thing at a time, and always something by single steps, we pass over distances and surmount difficulties, which might well frighten bold men in the aggregate.

The wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success.

NO SABBATH.—In a "Prize Essay on the Sabbath," written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, there occurs the following passage:—

"Yoke-fellow! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever playing, the eyeballs forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding and brain forever drooping the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-hearthiness it would extinguish; of the giant strength it would tame; of the resources of nature that it would exhaust; of the aspiration it would crush; of sickness it would breed; of the projects it would wreck; of the groans it would extract; of the lives it would immolate; of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and mowing, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and reaping, moving and reaping, raising and building, sowing and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in its brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!"

WHO ARE THE GREAT PREACHERS?

The great preachers of the world have been those who were in direct sympathy with human life, and who had an end to gain with the men before them. But with culture and scholastic habits, men have interpreted the word of God, "Follow me, and I will make you a preacher of sermons." The end of preaching is not a good sermon, but a holy heart. Fine sermons, say nearly ruined good preaching. If ministers cared more for their people and less for their own sermons, they would be more useful. Preaching has almost ceased to be a living business between a man's heart and the wants of his congregation. Learning, rhetoric, eloquence, are good as collateral influences, but no man will win souls who does not feel the throbbing pulse of his whole congregation—who does not know their wants—who does not study their lives—who does not understand how to take the primary truths of Christianity, and apply them to the consciences of men in their daily business of life. Such preachers, and only such, will be certainly